## A VIEW OF THE PROCESS AT FARGO.

COREIGN VISITORS ASTONISHED AT AMERICAN EN-TERPRISE-FEATURES OF PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE IN THE GROWING WEST.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] LIVINGSTON, Mont., Aug. 22 .- The excursion party, which under the guidance of Rufus Hatch is oses the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park, is now complete and fairly under way. A few stragglers, delayed by sickness or other causes in New-York, overtook it in Chicago; a small party came up from St. Louis later on, and others joined it in St. Paul, Bismarck and other points on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Altogether the party numbers seventy-two, of whom twenty are ladies. The principal points of interest on the road from New-York-Niagara Falls, Chicago and its marvellous little suburb (practically it is nothing else) of Pullman, the large flour mills of Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka and its beautiful surroundings, that little upstart of a town Fargo, so characteristic of Western " push" and energy, and the famous " bo nanza" farm of the Dalrymples-have all been visited, examined and commented upon by the tureign guests in the party.

It may be interesting, perhaps, to your readers to know who some of the people composing the party are and where they come from. They are prosors, doctors, lawyers, capitalists, merchants, bankers, men of lessure, artists, journalists, " Johnmies" and "Chappies"—the genuine London article—and finally "dudes." I had almost forgotten to mention that there are noblemen in the party. whose names proudly lead the column of every hotel register in which we record our names, and whose signatures are exhibited to the admiring gaze of the casual lonngers in the lobbies of the country inns. There are an English, or more correctly speaking an Irish, lord, a French baron, two merchants from Holland, two German journalists, a French professor-in a word, the party is almost nopolitan in character. The tastes, views and inclinations of the members differ just widely enough to insure an animated conversation or instructive exchange of views during tiresome journeys through the dreary plains and waste stretches of land so often encountered in the West .-

IMPRESSIONS OF WESTERN "PUSH." Nothing, I venture to say, the grandeur of the Palls at Niagara not excepted, made a deeper impression upon the foreign guests than the rapid growth of the towns of the Far West. To find, indreds of miles away from what they had been made to believe were the outskirts of civilization, a town, for instance, like Fargo, Dak., which can st after less than five years of existence of an electric-light tower, a school-house not inferior to any to be found in the city of New-York, waterworks, a street railway, four or five churches of different denominations, a public library, in short, most of the conveniences of town life generally only found in prosperous towns of the Eastern States and scarcely ever in European towns often ten times as large, was, I say, a revelation, not only to them but perhaps to most of the Americans in the party, who had never been in the Northwest before.

If I take Fargo as an example of the rapid progress of civilization, wealth and culture in the Northwest within the last decade, it is not because it is the only town which can boast of so remarkable a growth within that short period. Bismarck, Jamestown, Billings and other towns, though of a much more recent date, show all signs of remarkable progress and activity which is full of promise for the future.

RISE OF A WESTERN TOWN. In 1872 Fargo was the habitation of the Indian, and where to-day the bustle of trade and the whistle of the locomotive are heard, ten years ago the tepes of the savage was the only indication of sence of humanity. In 1878 Fargo had less than 800 people; in the autumn of the following year the census showed 1.400; the United States census taken in June, 1880, showed that Fargo had 2.700 inhabitants: to-day it has 10,000 residents -and a directory. I should not forget to mention its police force, only ten men strong, it is true, but searcely distinguishable in build and splendor of equipment from your own Broadway Squad.

The town owes its rapid growth and present prosperity to several causes. Situated in the midst of one of the most tertile valleys in the world, it has by sheer necessity been, or will be made, a centre for a number of railways which wish to compete for the transportation of those enormous wheat crops which are annually raised there, and are continualty increasing in bulk and value. Al- been a decided advance in value in the foreign markets. ready the Northern Pacific Railroad Lus a co itor in the St. Paul, Minucapolis and Manitobi Radroad, which has finished its track and erected freight-houses and a depot to the vicinity of the station of the former road, while two others are now being projected to tap the fertile valleys lying in the south of Dakota. Additional transportation facilities are found for the commerce of the district in a navigable stream, the Red River, which provides for an outlet toward the north. Though this stream is navigable during a short period of the year only, four boats have been built which together transported last season over 50,000,000 of

ounds of merchandise. The first thing that strikes the traveller's eye as he alights at the railway station at Fargo is a remarkably graceful and well-constructed electriclight tower, not unlike the observatory at Coney Island, 175 feet in height, which serves to illum inate the entire town and the prairie for miles inate the entire town and the practice for miles around. "To my mind," said one of the foreign members of the party to me, "nothing is more characteristic of your American spirit of enterprises and quick appreciation of everything that tends to create comforts than this light. Here this town has mud streets yet, the majority of its houses are miserable shaptice, a few brick houses only are seen here and there, and yet you have here one of the most modern inventions applied in the most practical manner possible. In towns of this size in our country a light like this would not be thought of." He might have said the same thing of telephone accommodations, which in Fargo seem to be exceptionally complete; of the water-works, and of a number of enterprises of the same character found in numberless towns of comparatively small size in the Far West.

THE RAID ON FARGO.

In the fall of 1870 it was generally supposed that the crossing of the Northern Pacific over the Red River would be at the mouth of the Elm. The best lands there were held by a party of men who built log-houses there and passed the long winter evenings of 1870 and 1871 estimating the value of their claims when laid out in twenty-five-foot lots, and sold at figures as variable as the prairie winds. In the spring of 1871 it was rumored that the crossing would be further south. At once the struggle began for the prospective town site of the yet unnamed and imaginary city. The Puget Sound-Land Company were anxions and had men in their employ holding claims at discrent points ng the river. On the other hand there were ten or fifteen young men, operating each for himself, who had moved up with their Indian ponies and camping kits. They were wide-awake and watched the movements of the railroad engineers. Late on the evening of July 4 a rush was made for the present town site, the Land Company men taking possession of nearly every claim in the vicinity Moorhead, on the other side of the river from Fargo, was located. As rents were high in the new town a number of people crossed the river and pitched their tents near the railway track. The new sortlement was called " Fargo in the Timber."

Waile waiting for spring and the fortunes to be made with its coming, a sensation known by the local historian as the "raid on Fargo" occurred. It was supposed that the Puget Sound Company Bractically the Northern Pacine Railroad) were inxious to secure possession of certain lands in the ricinity held by squatters. Very conveniently they discovered that Fargo and all the country about was within the Sisssten and Wabpeton Sioux Indian Reservation, and of course that all hands were trespassers except the railway company, its agents and employes, who were sugaged in the construction of the road. The Government was asked to remove these trespassers at once. But "Fargo in the Timber" was reported to contain many destrate characters, who would fight if molested, and as it was planued to arrest persons engaged in the sale of liquors, it was thought best to call on the military. The treops farrived at dark from Port Abererombie. Nobedy in town knew what they had come for. Most of the squatters thought the Indians had made a raid "out West," and as the leading clittens of "Fargo in the Timber" to k that Fargo and all the country

one last drink before retiring to their tents and dugonts, they concluded that the red man had ruined their fortunes. The next morning more soldiers arrived and the squatters were placed under arrest. They were ordered to leave the reservation, but before the order was executed the authorities in Washington directed that they be allowed to remain, as steps would be taken to extinguish the Indian title. It was not until three years after that a clear title could be obtained to the town lots laid out by the railroad. The real growth of the town, therefore, may be said to have taken place within the last five years.

SPECILATION AND CIVILIZATION.

SPECULATION AND CIVILIZATION. I have told at some length the struggles and

v:clssitudes of this settlement, because they resemble, in the main features, those of nearly every town in this region. While and before a town is being laid out in building lots, speculation in real estate runs wild. Fortunes are made and lost in a short time. Lesirable sites are held at a higher figure than similar property in the immediate vicinity of New-York. Everybody seems to invest in town lots. The wives of railroad employes, merchants or traders, buy with their savings sites and sell them at an advance, to be able to spend the winter in the East. One very intelligent woman whom I met in Jamestown had sold several lots in that town recently for \$800 each which six months ago she had bought for \$200 apiece. Another had made an equally successful venture in Fargo and

Life here seems to be pleasant enough. Evidences of culture and refinement are found everywhere in the homes of the people, even outside the towns. One hundred miles west of Fargo, where the train was stopped at a solitary farm-house, we found the proprietor a gentleman faultlessly attrod, the ladies in the household, four or five of them, dressed in the most approved fashion of the day, even wearing diamonds in their ears, the house furnished as hendsomely as you could desire, a plano. Turkish rugs and hangings, paintings and engravings on the walls, and a well-stocked library. All this nearly a thousand miles away from a large city, surrounded by the boundless prairie, no human-habitation in sight, and only the railroad track to remind you of the civilized world, this establishment seemed to have dropped here from another world.

In places like Fargo you find numbers of houses built in the Queen Anne, or rather that nondescript style which has found so much favor of late. The cost of building, considering that the material has to be brought a long way, seems reasonable enough; it is the fictitious value of the ground which makes the purchase of a home in these new and raw towns a matter of considerable outlay. A house and grounds which in Fargo are valued at \$15,000 could be bought in the suburbs of New-York, say Flatbush, Hoboken or even the upper part of Manhattan Island, our from \$810,000 to \$12,000. This the train was stopped at a solitary farm-house, we

could be bought in the saburbs of New-York, say Flatbush, Holoken or even the upper part of Manhattan Island, for from \$10,000 to \$12,000. This inflation of values tasts as long as the new town can be "boomed," a process with which most of your readers, I dare say, are familiar. Fargo, I believe, has seen its "booming" days, Its growth, however, though it may be slow, seems to be

### WORK IN THE APPRAISERS OFFICE.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW TARIFF-MORE ROOM AND MORE HELP WANTED.

In regard to the large increase of business in the Appraiser's office, Mr. Ketchum said to a TRIBUNE reporter the other day: "Nine years ago we removed from the Aver Building, back of Triulty Church. Prior to that time the accommodations, although less than those we now enjoy, sufficed for our business. Some parts of this building are new, having been added since we came here. But even this building is not large enough for our present purposes. Goods subject to examination are likely to be hurried away to be stored elsewhere in order to make room for others to be ex amined. There has been a considerable increase in business since July 1, owing chiefly to the new tariff. Goods were held back for many weeks in foreign coun tries in order to secure the benefit of the reduced tarificates. Importers from Europe say that extensive preparations are making abroad for increased exportations to this country in view of the lower rates of duty nov prevailing. During July we thought the increase in business would be merely temporary, but we are now satisfied that it will continue for some time to come. The next three months may enable the increase. The result of our conclusions will be important, as they will indicate to the Treasury Department what future provisions will have to be made a this port for the reception and the examination of imported merchandise. It will be interesting to know whether the recent reduction of duty races, instead of lessening the amount of customs revenue, is likely to increase it, or, at least, to leave it undimi Should it remain even undiminished it will appear that the quantity of merchandise received is considerably in excess of the importations under the higher tariff now abolished.

"Thus increased space and additional working force will become indispensable. Incidentally to the recen pressure it should, perhaps, be stated that in certain lines of goods-notably in silks and cotton velvets-there has promptly, but have been obliged to await the result of reappraisement proceedings. Delays in such cases as those are unavoidable and are in no respect a legiti nate cause of complaint against the Government. Every departments of this office with promptitude. I have received no complaints from merchants or others wit regard to the undue detention of their goods, except in respect to the supposed impropriety of our detaining such goods as were supposed to have been greatly undervalued. Inspectors generally have understood the situation and generally have understood the situation and in most cases have approved of all official acts recently takep.

"I am about making an application to the Secretary of the freasury for temporary additions to the force of the office, and I have reason to believe that he will see the office, and I have the propriety of my application.

"During the years from 1878 to 1883 the number of invoices received and examined in the Appraiser's department have been as follows:

133.772

"The number received for 1883 thus far indicates the there will be a considerable increase. That gives som idea of the amount of business we do here in a year."

# A THEATRICAL MANAGER'S BURDENS.

STAGE LIGHTS TURNED ON IN A LITTLE CHAT. A few yards away from the Broadway entrance of the Morton House, that most actor-beridden of hosteiries, is a lamp-post about which there is nothing to distinguish it from other lamp-posts save the fact that toward the cool part of the evening sundry chairs mysteriously gravitate toward its base and cluster round i in obedience to some hidden law of attraction. Between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock these chairs are seldom untenanted, and the tenants are invariably more or less prominent members of that profession which delights to call itself "the Profession" with a large P. For an out-sider to repose his weary limbs in one of these sacred chairs without a special invitation would be an outrage

to be visited with prompt punishment, "I tell you I'm just about worn out," said J. W. Collier, of the firm of Shook & Collier, the other evening as he tried to discover the furthest departure from the perpendicular to which he could subject his chair-back without landing it and himself in the gutter.

"Worn out? What have you got to wear you out!" asked a well-known legitimate star, whose glory is some-what paied by the "new school." "You haven't to play six nights a week with two matinees, and then be told by shaver of a critic that you are getting careless in

"That may be." replied Mr. Collier, "but all the same, I am worn out. So might you be, too, if you had to send out four complete companies on the road and run your home theater and stock company as well.

"It's bad enough to send out one travelling company with scenery as elaborate as the 'Lights o' London,' but when it comes to four, each with its route to be made out, its parts to apportion and the scenery to get up, its advertising and lithography to arrange, why its enough to turn your hair white."

"How do you manage the shipping of so much seenery Jim't Isn't it a Hadesof a nuisance in one-night stands !

asked a sympathetic bystander.
"In the first place I play precious few one-night than any other attraction on the road. Every one laughed at me at first when I took a week's time in places when most shows find it hard to get a house for one night, but I came out on top after all. As a rule I took in more

I came out on top after all. As a rule I took in more money the last night of the engagement than the first. Then, as to carrying my scenery, I have struck a 'boss racket.' A little lavention of my own which I haven't toought it worth wails to patent."

"What is it, Jun !"

"A wagon, my boy, which I can load at the theatre and putstraight on board the car at the depot. They cost me \$15,000 apiece, but they save the expense and labor sud time of leading and unloading at the depot, which makes all the difference when your company leaves the theatre at 11 o'clock and the train starts at 12. Then the seenery is packed by my own men, who know how to handle it, instead of by ignorant train hands und begage smashers who knock it all to pieces. How does it work! Why simply enough. I have my wagous made of such a size that they just \$10 nt oan open freight car. Well they are loaded at the theatre, driven down to the depot, run up a couple of skids from

the truck, and there you are. Simple, isn't it, and the sort of thing any one would think of. Just so, but you see no one ever did think of it until I did."

The group lauguidly expressed their admiration of Mr. Collier's genus and made a simultaneous movement toward the Morton House.

TO PRODUCE THE CHINESE DRAMA.

EDITOR WONG CHIN FOO THINKING OF ADAPTING CHINESE PLAYS TO THE AMERICAN STAGE. Wong Chin Foc, the Chinese editor, seated in his Chatham-st. sanctum, nibbled fragrant watermelon seed and between the writing of editorial paragraphs evolved vast projects for the greater civilization of his

American fellow-citizens.

"There are only two races in the world," said Wong -" the Chinese and the English; they are the people of the future. My whole fife is devoted to them. I care not for money-I work for the future. I was a Chinaman, but I cannot return to China. I have cut off my hair and am become an American citizen. Now," exclaimed he, starting to his feet, " I have an idea that will help each people to understand the other. I will establish the Chinese theatre in the United States for the presentation of the Chinese drama, the oldest in the world, going back to the first stages of recorded

"What will you give the public?" asked the reporter-

tragedy or comedy ?'
"That is the question," said the editor with a puzzled look; "everything is directly reversed in English from what it is in Chinese. If I produce a choice Chinese comedy before an American audience they will not so much as smile. They will take everything in dead earnest. But if I put one of the fine old Chinese tragedies on the stage then the people will laugh 'fit to burst off' all their buttons. That is what confuses me, and makes the

Will you secure your company in New-York ! "Oh, no, indeed. There are no Chinese actors in New-York; I can get most of them in San Francisco, however, but some I will have to bring over from China. The costumes will have to be elaborate silk and satin of brilliant colors, ornamented with gold, and they are exemely expensive; so are the scenery and settings; while the best actors charge very high for their services, and they will not come here unless, certain friends are brought with them. I want to organize a company of seventy-five people with a good Chinese orchestra, fully supplied with instruments. I will have them give perfermances in New-York, Boston and Philadelphia and then make a tour through the States. I have talked with a number of theatrical men about my plan and they consider it feesible and likely to pay well if it is carried out in the right way. I shall try to see what I can do out it during the next few weeks."

Wong Chin Foo explained his plans further and more explicitly with unbounded enthusiasm. The theatrical profession, though not in good repute in the Chinese Emexplicitly with unbounded entendeds. The three Empire, is well patronized, he says, by the royal family and the public, and many of the actors attain a wide reputation. At a Chinese theatre there are usually half a dozen plays given in one evening, one following another without an interval, the curtain not falling until the ends if the performance. Mr. Foo's purpose is to adapt several of the best-known Chinese plays for presentation in the proposed theatre. In the domestic plays fillal plety is always a favorite theme, and the melodrama of China possesses abundant material for reproduction. In one of the plays the hero is a butler and the finale is reached when the butler is frozen to death. But the great dramatist of the Chinese—their Shakespeare—is Kang Ming, who lived about the time of Christ and wrote a series of historic dramas descriptive of the Tong Dynasty and its vicissitudes. This series is known, Mr. Foo says, as "Fantong, the Royal Slave." The story begins with a Celestial prince who has been dethroned and who sells himself into slavery to escape death; after many adventures he regains his kingdom. The series end with the Empress Wou-Chi-Theu, who ruled 'hina forty years in a state of great heartinal manager who desires to use them on the American Sage.

dozon plays given in one evening, one following another without an interval, the curtain not falling until the sit performance. Mr. Poo's purpose is to adapt averal of the heat-known Chinese plays after plays flight in the heat-known Chinese plays after plays flight in the control of the plays at least the control of the plays at heat of the control of the plays the hero is a butter and the melodrama of China possesses abundant material for reproduction. In one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in the control of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in one of the plays the hero is a butter and the flight in the flig murmur of " Boy Jove ! old chapple, they'll think you're tight, y' know ! " recalled him to his senses. Arrived at basement at the entrance to which it was displayed a boss shine " could be had for 5 cents, and they looked at their watches and dubiously shook their heads as they saw the time. Finally the one in the white bat said to his friend, whose hat was brown; "Let's go down, Freddie, and try the pla-ace." Down the rickety stairs they went accordingly, and emerged in a few minutes with shoes polished to a mirror-like degree, but on again glancing at their watches they sped in hot haste across the street, for the roar of an approaching train on the down track of the Sixta Avenue Elevated smote their ears. Across the dusty street in a fashion not altogether compatible with dignity they hurried and bounded up the stairs of the station, the brown hat leading by a length. The gate was an but closed, but the leader rushed through, leaving his white-hatted friend to purchase the tickets. The train was on the move, but the brown hat was equal to the energency. The hat and half the body of the youth plunged through one of the open windows, and a pair of legs in the lign eat of raiment, cuding in a pair of stiletto-pointed shows, waved a triumphant adieu to the gateman. The man in the white hat, meanwhile, was too late to follow the other's example, but determined not to be left he jumped for the back platform, and hung on until the train-hand let him in somewhere between the two stations. The two young men are members of one of the best known and most fashionable clubs in the city, and the name of one of them is now familiar from New-York to San Francisco. A MESSAGE OVER THE TELEPHONE.

AND THE INTEREST IT AROUSED IN AN UPTOWN HOTEL OFFICE.

There was a touching little comedy played in the office of an uptown hotel the other morning. The place was full; every available seat being occupied by a newspaper with a pair of legs sticking out underneadh. and all the papers rustled in unison as a handsome woman stepped quickly up to the counter, and asked the cierk if he would kindly send a message by the telephone for her. Besides the legs, fractions of faces began to ap-pear from behind the papers. Some had a right eye looking around one side, and others a left one looking around the other; a few showed a whole pair over the top, and five or six papers had been laid aside altogether and disclosed a whole man, who had suddenly remembered that he wanted a cigar out of his pocket. All the eyes, however, were alike in being fixed on the hand, some woman, and she was getting perceptibly flushed and fidgety by the time the clerk had been put on to the

right number.

Then he began, at her prompting: "Tell A. that B. can't meet him to-night"—very clearly and distinctly, and "Poor A.!" was the mental note made behind each paper. This was repeated all over again, and then "A. I A. I A. I" three or four times, evidently in answer to as many " Whos! " from the other end.

"They want to know who A. is, madam," said the clerk, and the lady was so nervous that she dropped a glove on the floor (causing a simultaneous upheaval of all the papers at once, as if to help her), and had to pick it up again before she could answer. "Well, say Arthur"—and Arthur was shouted three several times, before the clerk turned again to the lady, with the query, Arthur who, shall I say, madam t"

A moment of breathless suspense followed. All the papers were laid aside now, and in every chair a man eaned forward auxious to catch the " Arthur Seymour' which came reluctantly enough, and with much unconcerned arranging of the bonnet strings. Immediately, everybody was visibly ransacking his memory for an Arthur Seymour among his acquaintances, and each looked at his neighbor to see if he had found one.

"Tell Arthur Seymour B, can't meet him to-night." But it was no good, and amid a scene of wild enthusiasm, the clerk turned, with the despairing remark, "They don't know who 'B.' is, madam." The gloves had been twisted into ropes, and the bonnet strings sto out at all angles round a crimson , but still very handout at all angies round a crimsou, but still very handsome face. "Tell them they must know," she said, as
her paraeol slipped on to the floor. But they did not,
and she went back viciously to the gloves again. For
half a minute nobody spoke, and then, "Well, say Bertie," she whispered in an undertone, as if that would
make the clerk speak any lower.
But the clerk seemed to shout more aegravatingly than
ever. "Tell Arthur Seymour Bortle cannot meet him tonight." There was yet one more torture in store for her,
however, and a perceptible shudder of anticipation ran
around the room at the inexorable, "Bertie who,
madam !" fell from the clerk's lips. But thus was more

than she could bear, and, with an "Oh, bother the stupid thing! it doesn't matter," she was gone—with the parasol under one arm and the gloves crumpled in one hand, while with the other she worried the bonnet strings into worse dismay than ever. A universal groan of disappointment greeted the capitulation; while the cierk quietly remarked: "It was an office boy had hold of the other end, and I guess he was guying."

YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

HOW A YOUNG FOREIGNER FELL INTO THE TOILS OF A VILLAIN.

In the office of a down-town employment bureau a day or two ago a great variety of idle men anxious to be employed were seen and noted by a TRIBUNE reporter. In a long, low, badly ventilated room water seated seventeen men and twenty-three women, of whom some came to register their names as persons desirous of employment, and others, who had previously done so, to ern if there had been any toquiry for their services. Taken all together they were as dejected a set of human beings as could well be imagiaed. The women looked pale, thin and starved. The men's faces bore similar marks and in some cases there were added lines of dissipation. It was an office patronized chiefly by newly arrived immigrants. The reporter watched with interest the faces of the throng during the calling over of a short list of mames of the unemployed who were to call upon persons destrous of hiring their services, and of a much longer list of names of applicants for whom there was nothing in view at present. They departed as their names were called out, some hopeful but more despond-ent. The last name called out by the bureau clerk was that of George Wilson. "George Wilson, Englishman, desires situation as bookkeeper; thoroughly competent; \$10 a week." So ran the entry in the bureaukeeper's book. The call was responded to by a shabbilydressed, despondent looking man about thirty years of age. There had been no inquiry for his services and he rose to depart with a weary air. The reporter accosted him with the remark that times

seemed to be hard. "Yes, indeed," replied the disappointed bookkeeper, "so I perceive, and the knowle igo is not encouraging to a man who has only \$2.70 capital and no friends nearer than 3,400 miles;" and he laughed a hollow, false laugh. The heart of the reporter was moved to the extent of two glasses of lager beer and two dishes of cysters. This opened the heart of the Eng debman, who gave to the reporter the following brief particulars of his adventures during his thirteen days

I arrived in New-York," said the unfortunate book keeper, "thirteen days ago on board the -- and was lauded at Castle Garden. I had not more baggage than I could conveniently carry in my hand, but was furnished with £10 and some English silver, which I exchanged at the Garden for \$50 in the form of ten half eagles. With these coins in my pocket I sailled forth in Battery Park, and having passed a fatiguing it orning in being pushed and having passed a fatiguing in orning in being pushed through the formalities of the place. I sat down on seat there to rest invest. I had not sat there many minutes before a well-dressed man thrust a letter into my hand and walked off. I at first imagined it to be some trade circular, for it was enclosed in an undirected, unsealed envelope. I have the letter still. Here it is,"—handing the original of the following to the reporter:

" And what did you do !" asked the reporter. " Do ! Like the utter fool that I am, I went to the letter, whom I knew to be a thief, for he confesses him villan; he preached his communistic doctrines into my ears until he fairly intoxicated me with the richness of bis vocabulary and his wealth of argument. In a moment of mental aberration I gave him eight of my half nagles for \$200 of his forged American bills and arranged to met bim at the same place and hour two days afterward to obtain a further supply of them. But when I retired to bed in a boarding house that night the full realization of what I had done came upon me and I cursed investif for a fool a thousand times over, repeating heartily of my folly; for I assure you I never committed a dishonest act in my own country, and but for this affair my character would be stainless to-day. I resolved to keep the forged bills for which I had given my eight good half eagles and meet the swindler according to appointment, when I would cause his arrest; but the thief was too wily for that and I waited by the North River in valu. I concluded that I had been justly punished for my weakness and so made no complaint either to the police or to the Castle Garden authorities. On the following day as I was waiking over the Brooklyn Bridge thinking of my folly i tore the bills into fragments and east into the East River the waste paper I had bought on the banks of the Hudson. Two dollars and seventy centils now all that stands between me and starvation unless I succed in getting some employment, of which the prospect does not appear very hopeful." starvation unless I succed in getting some employment, of which the prespect does not appear very hopeful."

## DRIVING PILES FOR FOUNDATIONS. WHY AND WHERE THEY ARE USED-PILES THAT

CCST \$50 APIECE. A few sharp, asthmatic puffs of steam, followed by a heavy thud as the block of iron, a ton's weight, falls on the long spruce pile, driving it a footinto the solid earth! In this manner the foundations of many New-York buildings are laid—not exactly on a rock, but practically as nearly so as if a solid stone wall was built up from the gravel or the hardpan to which the pile has penetrated, and at each successive blow the pile-often sixty or seventy feet in length-sinks deeper, and when it has at last touched the hard bottom, the heavy fron block rebounds with a ring, as if it had struck an anvil. From that point there is no more driving, or the pile would be splintered as easily as a match. In those tions of the city where the original hollows in the land have been filled to the surrounding grade, a pile founda-tion is always driven when the building is of any considerable weight; or the filling is carted away and the foundation wall started on the bed-rock. In the lower portions of the city, which were once swamp bottoms, and where the rock-stratum is far beneath the surface piles must also be used, and they are then frequently driven through a foot or more of water. For a building now going up in Spruce-st., a six-storted brick structure, the piles are driven to a depth ranging from twenty-live to forty feet; the long-st of them would make very respectable telegraph poles. When the massive abutment of the Brooklyn Bridge, opposite the Spruce-st, building, was constructed, it was considered best to begin at the gravel bottom, and the foundation stones were laid fifty feet below the street. Under the Spruce-st, structure 500 of these piles have been placed, with a calculation that each pile will sustain a weight of six tons, though the supporting capacity of each is much greater. They are arranged in sections, a double row in each section, with mathematical accuracy; the surface is filled in with concrete, and a floor of heavy planks, spiked on the piles, prepares them to receive the stone layers. The woodwork is so covered with earth that it is impervious to the air, and it will last till long after the walls above have crumbled. In another large warehouse now going up in Green wich-st., near Desbrosses-st., a yet greater number of piles were used, and their average length was lifty feet.

When the miles do not exceed fifty feet in length the piles must also be used, and they are then frequently number of piles were used, fifty feet. When the piles do not exceed fifty feet in length the when the piles do not exceed fifty feet in length the

When the piles do not exceed fifty feet in length the cost is comparatively small for such a foundation. An inferior grade of spruce is used, such as is not deemed atraight enough, or that is too full of knots for ship-spars. The cost is placed at about \$10 a pile, exclusive of the stonework. There are many buildings in the city where the piles have cost much more. In the foundation of the Vanderbilt Elevator, the large elevator in Jersey City and that recently erected at the mouth of the Weehawken Tunnel, none of the piles was less than seventy feet long. They had to be specially selected in Michigan forests, and the first cost was \$50 cach. Under the Weehawken Elevator 15,000 piles were driven, and many of them were ever fitty feet long.

"It's a curious thing," said Robert Brewn, an old piledriver, "how those piles behave. We start them in with a blunt end, and if you should pull one of them up you would flad the point sharpened like a lead-pencil. And there's no wear out to them when they get into the mud. I pulled one old snag out of the East River in 1863 that had been driven in 1811, and, where the mud covered it, there were green leaves sticking to it yet. They are solid, too, as any foundation. When I was doing some work for the Government in the harbor a few years ago, the engineer made a calculation on some piles I had driven about forty feet, and he said they would sustain a weight of 180 tous each."

## BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

The newspaper comments on the golden wodding of the Rov. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, sr., give the impression that there was no marriage provious to the one whose fiftieth anniversary was celebrated at his villa at Irvington in July last, whereas there was a previous marriag to the daughter of Bishop Griswold, of Massachusetts, which marriage was solemnized in 1821 and in due time was blessed with four children, namely, Anna, who married her cousin George Higginson, of Chicago; Dudley, who became a prominent preacher of the Epis-copal Church in Philadelphia; Alexander, now engaged in mercantile pursuits in the West; and Julia, who mar-ried William Ward, the well-known banker of this city. Of these Alexander is the only one now living. From this it will be seen that the Doctor's married life has extended over a period of about sixty-one years, excluding the interval between the death of the first wife and his marriage with the second. He is now in his eightyfourth year, and en'sys his home in Irvington, where he is retired upon a pension from the church. His physical health is pretty good, though his memory is much impaired.

Allen O. Myers, a Democratic candidate for the Legis lature of Obio, remarked here last week, as his friends report; "We shall elect Hoadly, I guess. It is a ques-tion of funds this year and buying up, and we can buy up, I reckon, as we'l as the Republicans."

Mr. West, who gave \$300,000 for an art gallery at Cincinnati, was here last week. He is seventy-two years old, but does not look sixty. He said: "I was a bachelor and the only one of my family to accumulate money. I thought I owed it to the people who had helped me prosper and whose labors had improved my real estate to make an honest dividend to them, and I am glad I did it." He is now building at Minneapolis one of the largest hotels in the United States.

I hear that notwithstanding the August boom the Sara toga hotels are running short. Poor Coney Island has to come down to reasonable prices, and instead of advertising one price and taking another must advertise the very west price and keep it there. Prices are intimately connected with morals.

The whistle nuisance is a prolific cause of paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, insanity, and of being run over by a horse. First the police were allowed to have alarm shistles. Then the postmen got them. Next the streetcar drivers were given them. After that milkmen costermongers, picmen, bakers and hot-corn people got them. Next the small boy felt moved to have a whistle Since that time life has hardly been worth living.

The nights they are filled with whistling, And the cares that infest the day Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, That screech and slink away.

During the week I made the acquaintance of Superin tengent Walling. He has been thirty-six years on the New-York police force, and entered it in the year 1847. He is a fine-looking man, with a most honest pair of blu eyes, large and courageous, and his beard, which was nce a rich auburn, is turning white. Said I to him: "Are you a native of New York City ?" "No, but of Manmouth County, New-Jersey. I was a policeman of the line many years. I served the warrant on Fernando Wood when he lost control of the police force. You re-member that the Lerislature created a Police Commission which Wood resisted, and there was a bloody battle between the new and the old police. Simeon Draper asked me if I could serve a warrant on Fernando Wood and acrest him. I said I would do it. 'How many men do you want to assist you ? 'None.' I knew Mr. Wood, though I had refused to stay in his police force, believ-ing it to be illegal. I went into the City Hall and sent my name in. He admitted me and asked what I wanted with him. I told him I had a warrant for him and served it. He said he would not submit to an arrest. Said I: 'I shall arrest you just the same.' Said he 'Well, you may consider that I have resisted.' 'Not till you do resist,' said I, taking hold of him. With that he called out loudly to one of his officers to put me out. They came in and ran me right out. He had to give in later, however."

civilized, more law-abiding, and less rowdy than in old times !" "Oh, yes. The change is extraordinary. Why, sir, if the police force at the present day did such things as I have seen under the old conditions the people would not stand it. There used to be under THE TRIB-UNE office a sort of coffee-house of the cheaper class, and I have seen there nine or more policemen who belonged distant wards and should have been at that time on their posts, drinking coffee and chatting together, leaving their work without any substitute. Then the Aldermen appointed the police." "What was the roughest division of the city in those days P" "The Third Ward, over about Washington Market. The butchers in those times were the pugilistic class. I was present and close by at the time that 'Tom' Hyer beat 'Yankee' Suili-Thirty-third-st, and Broadway the pair balted. They piace indicated in the letter and met the thief. But I van. Sullivan kept a saloon and Hyer poun led him. looked down at their pointed shoes, which were dusty.

They looked at a sign which informed them that in the to dishonesty. I merely desired to see the writer of the the streets were not extended, or but briefly so, beyond Madison Square; where the Fifth Avenue Hotel stands used to be a frame shanty, and then the hippodrome. In my early days everything that was active took place Said I: "Don't you think that these slugging matches widen the area of rufflanism T' "Yes. But don't you know that we stopped one of those things and a Judge dismissed the case, saying that no offence had been committed | To have your police efficient the courts must make right rulings.

Without the intelerance often found among rival chiefs of police, Superintendent Walling spoke in praise of A'lan Pinkerton's detection of the Mollie Maguires in Pennsylvania. Said he: "I think that was about as clean a piece of work as has been done." I may men-tion, however, from another source, that Mr. Walling, though offered an important place in a great private letective firm, shrank at the first experiment from the morals which prevailed there. A man was suspected o having injured a great corporation, and a trap was laid for him. The trap was too much like a temptation to the man to commit the first crime rather than repeat an old one, which he might not have committed. have nothing to do with that kind of work," said Mr. Wailing, and resumed his business here. I asked him about Webster, who was executed by the Rebel Governent at Richmond as a spy, and who died gallantly. Said he: "Webster was a New-York policeman who wen into the service of the Government and they used him as a spy. He would not have been detected but for one of those dark, unholy pieces of work in which the Confederate Government was adept. A man had been tried and sentenced as a spy in Richmond, and to him was introduced in the guise of a Catholic priest-the man being a Catholic-a person to confess him. This false priest drew out, as the man's supposed dying statement be-tween him and his God, the fact that he was really a spy, and so was Webster. On that Webster was arrested and hanged.'

The theory of cutting some individual explorer out of his reputation by getting Governments to find and saw off the North Pole at a private projector's expense is coming to grief. Now the Dutch lose their ship.

Everybody that I have seen not otherwise interested thinks a brand-new Republican State ticket is wanted, so as to " change the air," as it were.

The sympathies of all Christian people are new directed to the British Government, which has succeeded in getting McDermott.

The news from Saratoga is lively. At the instance of a millionnaire a man cats another's nose off on the race track. But there are still diamonds at Jake Reicher's to onsole the bereaved ones.

An extension is being put on the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The Hotel Barrett is nearly ready. Mr. James D. Pish, the chief bendholder in the Casino, is building fine bachelor quarters opposite where he means to live himself. Eighth Avenue entrances to the Park are almost ready. The block on the site of Abbey's late Park Theatre is the best-looking edifice on that side of Broadway above Union Square except Sloane's store.

Captain Thomas Sampson, the chief police officer of the Sub-Treasury, said to me at a clambake at Bayside during the week that he never could understand why "Sam" Cox, whom he arrested at his house in Lower Maryland for having fed and sustained Booth, was released from prison. Said he: "When I took that man he said to me: 'You can't keep me in jail.' 'Why not i' said I. 'Because the Secretary of War is my friend.' 'I will try it anyhow.' Sure enough," said Sampson, "he walked out

of the police order was making a regular income of \$5,000 a week, or \$250,000 a year. Said he: "This man was a poor newaboy, born in Ireland, but of driving nature, and he found his way into the proprieterably of a police journal which was founded by an old chief of police, and you can depend upon it he is making in that business as much as the large newspapers of the most successful character."

Captain Sampson, whom I mentioned above, has prob-Captain Sampson, whom I mentioned above, has probably the largest collection of gold medals to be found is this country, received for having saved lives, especially from drowning. These medals are kept at the United States Treasury, in the vaults. The latest of them has been prepared by 8 Mr. Fox, of this city, as a private tribute to Captain Sampson, and cost \$300. It is of gold, oblong. Sampson has led a very romantic life, and during the war he culisted, while in the secret service of the Cavaraneat, on one of the robet privateers, and he the Government, on one of the rebet privateers, and he says that the most significant object to him was the yard-arm, where he expected to hang sometime. He is a native of England.

When I was a boy a house in Philadelphia of con When I was a boy a house in Philadelphia of comforts able appearance was often pointed jout to me up a blind alley as the home of a retired woman of pleasure. They said the greatest statesman in the land went there. said the greatest statesman in the land went there when-ever he visited the Quaker capital. This woman died only last week at the age of seventy-eight, but in the almshouse. At fifteen an eminent man led her from Lancaster to the city. After her name became notorious a minister of the gospel married her. She was

Frank Rivers says there continues talk about a large winter hotel for Northerwers at New-Orieans, but that there is no money in it while the St. Charles remains, huge, old-fashioned, yet central. I hear that a large scheme is being ripened for a great hetel at Savannah.

Mr. " Fred " Gould' says the reason everything is find in speculation is that nobody has made anything to a year. "Why !" "Over-production in at least two fields. the manufactures and railroading. Our hope is to reap and sell this summer's crops."

Admiral Murphy of the pilots says he took the Great Eastern over the bar at New-York and also carried her to Annapolis, where President Buchanan came aboard. "Mr. Mdrphy," he inquired, " what is she to be employed at i" "Carrying salt and cotton," says Murphy. "In-deed," answers "Old Buck," " and how and where, sir !" "To New-Orleans," says Murphy, without a twinkle in his eye; "she'll just take the whole cotton crop in the land. You needn't bale it but put it in her in the down. She'll come back ballasted with sait enough to save all the produce they can make at the head of the Mississippi in one voyage." "Dear, dear!" said Mr. Buchanan.

George Edgar is again enthusiastic. So is Miss Jewett, They see clearly enough now that it has cooled of how difficult it was to draw to "Othello" in August in the great Sahara of the West. Not the great Sara.

William Councr says that John McCullough, the moment he began to act at Denver, threw away his melancholy and resumed his smile. "Dick" Stockton is his travelling companion, the New-Jersey Senator

I was talking recently with a gentleman whom I judge

to have some facilities for taking the inside view of the Vanderbilt family, who said: " I think that Mr. William Vanderbilt, the head of the house, has shown as much sagacity in withdrawing from his large line of railroad securities as his father showed in going in. His father took a railroad which Henry Keep said could not earn 6 per cent, and economized as well as energized it; but then there was no competition whatever, present or prospective. All the Vanderbilts," said this person, "take the view that they have enough. The father does scarcely any business now. Cornellus, his oldest son, is a very worthy young man, and you can see him any Sunday afternoon in the prayer-meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at the Grand Central Depot. He organized and conducts that section of the Association. William K. Vanderbilt, though he has to take a hand sometimes to support some of his interests, is falling into the family view that what they have is enough. Indeed, the senior Vanderbilt is a little shy of the excessive talk which a very great fortune makes, and the legislative necessities of his property at Albany grew very distasteful to him. When he went out of the Central I hear that he did not impart the news to his sous lest they might oppose him, but selected Mr. Rutterso that the public would cease to confound his family with the Central Railroad, out of which, indeed, he had been drawing quietly. Mr. Rutter probably was selected be cause of his influence with the merchants as the general freight agent. In the coming railroad contest, to get the freight from this city West is to be the point of advantage, and the young men who are brought here by the new companies from the Western States are very alert and ambitious, and it probably was a point for the Central that the man who knew the merchants should go to the head of the road and make them feel that they had a friend there at the top." I asked this person: "What do you estimate Mr. Vanderbilt's fortune at !" "From \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000. He has \$45,000,000 to Government bonds, \$25,000,000 in intermediate Western ratiroads and in far Western ones, probably as much

Is it not late in the century to permit great blocks of stores, etc., to be piling up wooden floors and joists, like matches out of a match-box, in the strong heart of New-York, risking fire for one's neighbor to get immediate rest for one's self !

The building of steamboats and steamships never was so active in this country as now, and opens the question whether it is overdone or is merely in obedience to the requirement of everything to come to New-York, no matter where it reaches the coast. Had our coastwise commerce not been reserved for ourselves alone there would be no shirbuilding art in this country. Protect tion does there protect.

An instance of the supremacy of New-York markets over those of the suburbs is the absence of bait in the Shrewsbury River and the necessity of buying it from the steamer going to New-York; this bait being soft shell crabs and " shedders."

General Thomas Brady, the late Assistant Postm General, said to me: "I first came to this city from Indiana when I was a mere boy. I had studied pho-nography and thought I could write shortfland. I was employed by O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist, to travel with him and take down his lectures. I went the whole length of New-Jersey with him, and one of my duties was to hang up the charts showing the bumps, profiles, etc. Said I: "Why, General, what did he want with a stenographer ! "To take down the developments. He would bring up a fellow and feel his bumps and say: 'Ideality here finely developed; might make perhaps a very re-markable poet. Or: 'Calculation quite prominent this gentleman is fitted for a great engineer. all down," said Brady. "But after a while I got very homesick and wanted to see the West again. Said I: " Are you still a believer in phrenology ?" the general. I think the general contour and size of one's head is to be taken into consideration. As an exact science there is not much in it, I guess."

Speaking of General Lew Wallace, Minister to Turkey, General Brady said yesterday: "He is an able a though a dramatic one. His appearance and manners are as dramatic as his mind. His style of writing is also lefty, and for that reason I can't enjoy his novels. They seem so much stilted to me. He is a first-rais soldier. Indeed, he was the military genius of Indians at the beginning of the war. He ran away as a boy to the Mexican war, and after that his whole soul was on sol-diering and he always had a military company. Being the brother-in-law of Heary S. Lane, Mortonjammoned Wallace to Indian spolis and made him Adjutant-General. I was about the first to come forward with a company from Muncy, and Morton took me right in t Wallnee. I shall never forget his expression and ges-tures. They were those of a born tragedian. He said he wanted my company immediately, and to go right back and get if, as it must go to the defence of the National Capital. I hurried back to Muney and had the town bell rung, and when the orders were given about town bell rung, and when the orders were given above one-half the company backed out, the captain included, by which means I became the captain and went to the war. When Wallace started with his men, the 11th Regiment, for the field, he made a magnificent speech to them before the State House on how Jeff Davis had traduced the Indiana regiment in the Mexican war, and called them to swear with him to avenge the honor of the State against Jeff Davis and his cause. He drow his sword: all the officers frew their awards; the whole sword; all the officers drew their swords; the whole regiment kneeled with uplifted hands, and it was a thril-ing sight, though a little funny to think of after this is

Said I: "General Brady, what do you think of Post-master-General Gresbam !" "He is the ablest man as the Republican party in Indiana. He has what 'Ben' Harrison is almost destitute of—magnetism. Gresham anyhow.' Sure enough," said Sampson, "he walked out of that jail in a little while, and was never put on trial at all. Sometimes I have thought that while a rebel secret agent he might have been furnishing our Government with information."

Captain Sampson told me that to the best of his information a publisher of sporting books and newspapers the Republican party in Indiana. He has what the Republican party in Indiana. He has what is a very interesting talker. Though not the seat in the State,—for the best lawyers in Indiana at ocrats like Hendricks and MoDonald-Greehat burner with information."

Captain Sampson told me that to the best of his information a publisher of sporting books and newspapers